

## A Lake with No Outlet.

LAKE CHAD, in the heart of East Africa, has no known outlet for the many rivers pouring into it. Its waters rise and fall with great rapidity. The Alexander expedition records that frequently spaces over which they had sailed in the morning had by evening become stretches of dried mud.

## To Strive Involves a Victory Achieved Over Sloth and Indifference



# Magazine Page



## This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the discovery of gold, in 1851, in New South Wales. It led largely to a more rapid development of Australia, though the gold production, totalling about \$3,000,000,000 to date, has steadily dwindled. Some extremely large blocks of pure gold have been discovered in Australia.

## The Heart Breaker

Mildred's Ideas of the War Unsettle Arthur and He Intimates to His Mother That He Ought to Enlist.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MILDRED BRENT was quite safe in suggesting that she and her lover talk of something besides the war, for she was certain that she had said enough to make her companion as uncomfortable as she wished him to be.

The seed she had sown so willfully had begun to bear fruit in Arthur's extreme mental discomfort by the time he was ready to go home that night.

He bade his betrothed good-by without a smile.

"You look awfully glum," she remarked.

"I was thinking," he informed her, "of something you said a while ago."

She did not want to say any more on this subject. She preferred that he should retain the impression she had produced early in the evening. Anything she added now might detract from the force of her former remarks.

"Well, you love me, any way, don't you?" she smiled up at him.

He put his arms about her and kissed her again and again. "You are adorably pretty, darling!" he murmured.

That was the effect Mildred always had on him, he reflected, as he walked home through the soft spring darkness. She would disagree with him until she was bewildered, she would show her displeasure at some of his views; she would actually disappoint him. And then she would look up at him with that wonderfully sweet smile of hers and her beauty would make him her slave. She was certainly the prettiest girl he had ever seen.

Compared With Honora.

Now there was Honora, for instance. She was pretty, too, yet not nearly as beautiful as Mildred. In fact, by comparison, she was lacking in color and regularity of feature. Her beauty depended upon her mood and her expression, yet that, too, was one of her attractions—she had so much variety of expression. And she was capable of a tenderness that was lacking in Mildred. Mildred never had the look in her eyes that he had seen in Honora's—a look of almost maternal compassion.

What a dear, understanding friend and chum Honora was! He did not know how he could get on without her. But, of course, he could never love her as he loved Mildred—not in that peculiar way. Yet he certainly understood Honora better than he did Mildred. And she understood him so well. Was there more in the older girl than in the younger?

He stifled the thought as disloyal. Honora was older—that was the difference. Of course nobody was quite Mildred's equal.

As he went up the path to his home he saw that the light in his mother's room was still burning. That was a sign that she was up and waiting to speak to him. He

hastened his steps. He hoped nothing was wrong. He expressed this hope in words as he entered her room and found Mrs. Bruce sitting in her armchair reading.

"No, there is nothing wrong," she assured him. "But I was not sleepy, so I thought I would read for a while."

She was looking at him searchingly. "Did you have a pleasant evening?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered. "I always have a pleasant time when I go to see Milly."

His words did not carry conviction with them. And a mother's senses are acute where her children's happiness is concerned.

"Mildred is very pretty," Mrs. Bruce commented. "I met her this afternoon on the street. Did she tell you?"

A Feminine Excuse.

"No, she did not mention it. I suppose she forgot."

"Perhaps she did," the mother admitted. "She was apparently absorbed in her thoughts. She said she was thinking about the war. That is enough to make any woman serious."

"Yes, it is," he agreed. "And, mother, it is enough to make any man think pretty deep thoughts, too. A well, strong man ought to do his part toward ending the awful condition of affairs."

"Ah!" the exclamation was full of pain. "That is just what I was afraid of, son! You have always wanted to enlist. I have known that. Yet I hoped you saw that

## A Real Live American Romance

your duty might lie at home just now. Then, when I talked with Mildred this afternoon, I was frightened lest she might unsettle you."

"Arthur, do not let what a young girl says—no matter how dear she is to you—sway you and make you do that which is certainly not the right thing for you to do."

"Mildred wants me always to do only what is right," he defended his betrothed. "You misjudge her, mother. If you think she would try to persuade me to neglect anything that was my duty. Yet, after all, two duties do sometimes conflict—don't they?"

"Not if we keep sane enough to see them both clearly," she argued. "Oh, Arthur, please do not allow an impulse to run away with you! You have no right to enlist."

"No right?" he repeated. "Perhaps not now, but later I may—later, when, as I hope may be the case, business is better than it is at the present time."

"Yes," she agreed, "and when your father's health is restored. Promise me to wait until then."

"I do not need to promise you that, mother," he assured her. "I hope I am clear-headed enough not to take any rash step. But when I feel I must, I will have to go."

"Even if your father and I need you?"

"Dear mother," he pleaded, kissing her, "let us live in the present, and not borrow trouble about the future."

Yet when he had bade her good-night and gone to his own room, he lay awake, far into the night, wondering.

(To Be Continued.)

## An Interesting Royal Group

### Prince Jaime, Princesses Beatrix and Christina, Son and Daughters of King Alfonso and Queen Victoria of Spain



This good looking group was taken after the children had received their first communion. Prince Jaime is the second son, aged ten; his sister, Beatrix, is nine, and Christina is seven. There are two sons younger than Jaime.

## Hints for the Household

Olive oil is a good dressing for patent leather.

Hot vinegar will remove paint marks from glass.

Vinegar and water will remove the taint from meat.

Dry mustard rubbed on the hands removes all smell of fish.

Olive oil rubbed into the scalp is an excellent hair tonic.

Cayenne pepper should be used sparingly, as it affects the liver.

Mustard and water is a quick and easy emetic in case of poisoning.

Mustard poultices will not blister if mixed with the white of an egg.

A teaspoonful of salad oil will stop a throat tickling cough at night.

To get the real, full flavor of mustard, it should be mixed with salad oil only.

Vinegar, if rubbed first on dis-

colored steel work, ensures a quick and easy polish.

A tablespoonful of vinegar added to a warm bath removes all fatigue from the muscles.

Vinegar and stale bread applied as a poultice nightly to a corn for a week will cure it.

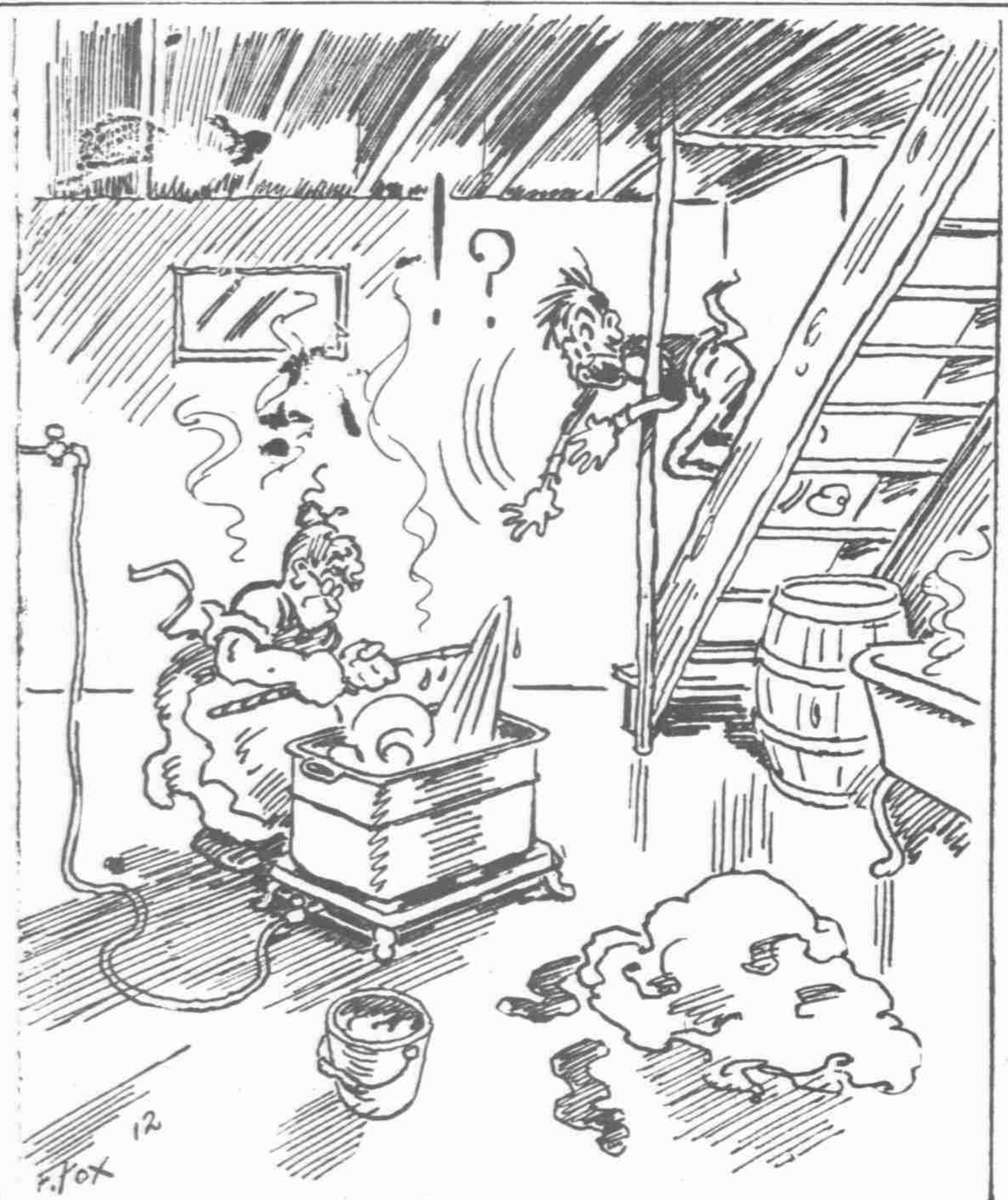
Vinegar, diluted, rubbed on furniture before cleaning, makes a brilliant and non-markable polish.

A dessertspoonful of olive oil thrice daily stops indigestion, and is the best natural fattener for the thin.

### Her Vision.

An old washerwoman, patriotic supporter of the Red Cross, was among the thousands who witnessed a recent Red Cross parade, in which hundreds of white-clad women participated. In telling a Red Cross worker how she liked it she said:

"Lawdy, miss, it certainly was a grand spectacle. Never in my whole life did I see so much washin' at one time."



Dad Thought He Had Lost the Best Little Golf Putter in the World, But No! the New Washer Woman Had It.

## ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Lovers' Misunderstandings.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have been going about with a young man for three years, but still I do not understand some of his actions. He told me he loves me, but I doubted his word and went out with another young man for two months. My friend was very peevish at me, and his mother said he was all broken up about my actions. We are reconciled again, but still there is one thing very puzzling to me. Although he craves very much for me, when he meets me on the street and I am with my girl friend he sets his face in a strange way. I can go out with him that same evening and he is perfectly lovely. I am eighteen and so is my friend. Did I do wrong in telling him I was jealous of him?

A LOVER.

Isn't the trouble simply that you don't thoroughly understand each other? Try to keep out jealousy and to talk things over thoroughly with each other. Only by being frank can you establish a really satisfactory relationship.

### Loves a College Girl.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

For four months I have been going about with a young lady one year younger than I am. Now Miss Fairfax, what I would like to know is, can I live happily with a young lady with a college education when I have only graduated P. S.

A. G.

If you are truly in love with each other, and all the other circumstances are favorable, I think the difference in education need not keep you apart. Besides, if you wish to "catch up" with your sweet heart, you can do so. Read and study by yourself, and when necessary ask her to help you.

### The Poohier Man.

"We demand for ourselves," declared a suffragist, emphatically, "the same right to a voice in the government of our country that men enjoy." "Pooh, pooh!" came from a man in the audience. "Yes," retorted the suffragist, "that interjection proves the truth of the Scriptural saying that the poohier we have always with us!"

## Puss in Boots, Jr.

By David Cory.

WHEN little Soapy Soapbuds was leaning from her window into the street she fell.

She slowly drifted down and down. In colors gay and bright, Until she hit a trolley car, And then she busted quite.

And this happened in Soapbubbles Town, New Mother Goose Land. And wasn't it strange, Puss Junior was on the trolley car, the very trolley car on which little Soapy fell. You see, our little traveler had left his good gray horse in the country, for he had gone lame, and so Puss was obliged to continue his journey on foot.

But after awhile he had come to the trolley line and had boarded a car, and when he reached Soapbubbles Town little Soapy Soapbuds and all her neighbors were leaning out of windows to see the son of the famous Puss in Boots.

"Oh, dear me," sighed Puss Junior, "little Soapy Soapbuds has come to the same sad end that Humpty Dumpty did." And then on went the trolley car with our little traveler, and by and by they came to the end of the line, and Puss got off.

Of course, he was now in the country, and there were few houses to be seen. Puss was used to lonely roads and deep forests, so he trudged along whistling a merry tune, for he knew how to whistle by this time as well as a chimney bird. And after a while he came to a stile, and there stood a funny little man with a fishing pole.

"Good-day, Mr. Fisherman," cried Puss, touching his cap like a soldier. The little man looked up and smiled. "And how is my good sir?" he cried, and then he took a little silver fish out of his pocket and handed it to Puss.

"Cats are fond of fish, I know for certain," laughed the funny little fisherman.

"You are right, my good sir," said Puss, "and with your kind permission I will eat this tender little fish," and in a few minutes Puss wiped his whiskers with his pocket handkerchief, which goes to show you that the little whale had disappeared down our small traveler's throat.

"And now whether are you bound?" asked the fisherman.

"I am on my way to see my fa-

ther, the famous Puss in Boots," answered Puss.

"Come with me," said the little man, "for it is on your way, and we can talk while we walk, and that will make the miles seem shorter."

So Puss went along with his new friend and in the next story you shall hear about the old woman who lived under a hill.

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To Be Continued.

### Whateley's Wit.

Many stories have been told of the wit of Archbishop Whateley. On one occasion he asked a candidate for admission to holy orders what was the difference between a form and a ceremony. The candidate, having racked his brain for an answer without success, the archbishop explained, "The difference is this—you sit upon a form, but you stand on ceremony."

A gathering of clerics, he put the question, "Why do white sheep eat more than black ones?" And there being no correct reply, though several attempts at a solution were made, the archbishop himself gave the answer: "Simply because there are more of them."

### Warned by Experience.

Having taken rooms at a continental hotel without inquiring as to the tariff, an Englishman, when about to leave, was presented with a bill which he considered outrageously excessive. He paid without complaint, however, but on being handed his receipt for the money he inquired if the cashier could oblige him with a couple of five-franc pieces. The cashier immediately produced the coins. Then the visitor exclaimed, as if the thought had suddenly occurred to him, "Oh, but wait, I forgot to ask how much you would charge me for them!"

### Mischievousness of Youth.

A young fellow put down her book with a sigh. "What is it, darling?" her husband asked. "Ah, dear, I am so happy!" she replied. "Yes, but you had such a sad look in your eyes just now." "I know, I've been reading about the unhappiness that the wives of men of genius have always had to bear. Oh, Alfred, dear, I'm glad you're just an ordinary sort of fellow!"

## Man With X-Ray Eyes

THE STRANGEST STORY YOU EVER READ. Delorme, Seized by the Comte's Agents, Is Left to Horrible Death in the Huge Safe.

By GUY DE TERAMOND.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Lucien Delorme, so buxom that even the cabby who drove him to Mme. Armin's family boarding house in Paris points out the places of note to him, presents letters of introduction to that cautious landlady and registers. At dinner, he makes the acquaintance of his fellow boarders. These are Mrs. Tankery, a thin, married widow, whose room adjoins that of Delorme, and a Guatemalan general, Domingo r

neges, a mail of mystery. Mrs. Tankery, about sixty, carries about with her a fortune in jewels. Delorme attracts attention by reason of large dark-lensed glasses he wears. The opinion prevails that his eyes are weak and that he has come to Paris to consult an eminent eye specialist.

Mrs. Tankery, a fortnight later, Delorme's arrival, is found dead in her room—murdered. After an investigation by the Commissioner of Police, Delorme is suspected of the crime.

Later Delorme is released by police. He announces his determination of leaving the "Family House."

Early in the morning he formulated a very circumstantial theory of the crime, and the concatenation of events, as marshaled in his brain, seemed to point to the young provincial as the perpetrator.

The baron meets Delorme and reveals details of transaction he intends to carry out. Meanwhile, the fame of the rare jewels of the Comte d'Armin's collection excites considerable comment throughout Paris, and a clever organization of thieves, the "Ac" Band, plots to get them. They lease an adjoining apartment.

Delorme comes to see the jewels, which have been offered as security for the loan, and to the surprise of the comte and his associates announces to them that the safe supposed to contain them is empty. He does not know—he has never been shown the inside of the safe. The "Ac" band decide to force an entrance to the safe, accomplishing their purpose, they find the vault empty of jewels.

For an instant the two accomplices listened anxiously, their ears strained to hear any sound. But their victim's despairing call had not been noticed. They could work in all safety.

Vainly the young man, in a final effort, tried to struggle. He could not escape from his assailants, and was quickly subdued.

The tussle was short. Half stifled, he was pushed violently into the open safe. There was no interior division, no compartment that could prevent him from entering. It was a steel coffin, whose sides would not even allow his cries to pass.

The door was closed on him. The comte turned the knob, then the key in the lock, and, having replaced it in the drawer of his desk, from which he had taken it a few minutes before, he sat down in his armchair exclaiming:

"Ah!"

"Now," said Nam calmly, taking a seat opposite "the main thing is to think the matter over; what do you mean to do?"

"I am thinking of it," replied the comte. "At any rate, for ruined business, it is certainly thoroughly ruined!—And yet it was so well planned." He went on in a tone of dull rage. "What was that fool's idea in plunging into the midst of our speculation, like a dog into a game of nine-pins?—here is the million lost!"

"Perhaps he did not do it intentionally. That's the reason we need not yet despair!"

"What do you mean by that, Nam?"

"Let us reason a little. Remember, has that individual at any time threatened us with the police? Has he told us that his papers were in a safe place that we should be arrested tomorrow, that he would soon be avenged? Vague phrases: 'You are robbers—you are murderers'—and yet he wasn't always very sure of it!"

"From which you conclude . . ."

"That he has acted on our idea, without having spoken of his intention to anyone, and that we can once more sleep soundly!"

"So, in your opinion, he came here without even speaking of it to the baron?"

"Certainly. The baron, who is less simple, would have prevented him from doing so without taking precautions. There would have been police officers in the neighborhood, and we are the ones who would now be caught. But no, this chap came to your house to make a little personal investigation on his own account, and the turn of your conversation led him farther than he meant to go, the impudent fellow! Believe me, he's one of those amateur policemen who, becoming informed accidentally of certain items concerning us, has longed to reveal himself, by a master stroke, a great detective, by discovering single-handed the criminal upon whom, until then, the whole force had been unable to seize. The race is not very dangerous, and we have nothing to fear."

He took up Lucien Delorme's hat and looked at the lining, then his overcoat, which he examined at the back of the neck.

"What did I say?" he exclaimed, "taller in fact—batter in fact! This is a fellow who, landing straight from his province in the Armelle house, had his head turned by Mrs. Tankery's murder."

"And how do you explain the baron's not coming?"

The Hindoo was about to answer when Juliette came in, bringing a telegram.

The comte eagerly opened it, and uttered a cry of astonishment as he read:

"Dear Sir:

"I learn from your secretary that you are ill and cannot receive me today, as was arranged.

"I hope it is nothing serious and remain entirely at your command.

"Yours very sincerely,

"FLUCKER."

"What did I say?" cried Nam. That follow presented himself to the baron as your secretary. Just as he passed himself off to you as the baron's. Doesn't this confirm, in the most striking way, all my conjectures?"

Turning toward the safe, he continued:

"He richly deserved what has happened to him. People who want

to play the detective must be more cunning than that!"

"Yes," replied the comte, "he's a dreamer. But my poor million has gone all the same. Job deferred is job lost. Will the baron take it up a second time?"

"Don't be so pessimistic. The scheme is too good to be dropped. You write him a pleasant note, saying that you really are very ill and your physician orders you to leave Paris immediately—on your return you will resume the negotiations. By that time we will have got rid of this spoilsport's body. The thing to be done now is to explain this young fellow's disappearance. He must not be traced here—that might make mischief. . . . give me a pencil and a bit of paper."

And Nam wrote:

"I am killing myself in despair because I cannot account for what I have undertaken. Notify my family."

"That leaves the field open for any explanation," he said—"and what is his name?"

"Lucien Delorme."

The Hindoo signed Lucien Delorme, then, taking his overcoat, he slipped the folded paper into the pocket.

"I'll put it and the hat on a slope of the Quai Javel tonight," he said. "I hope they will be found by some honest person who will carry them to the police station. But, for greater safety, disguised as a peaceful loungeur, I will watch near by to see that they reach their destination. And now," he added, turning toward the maid, who was listening in silence, "let us go and pack the trunk, Juliette—we leave tomorrow for Calcutta."

CHAPTER VIII.

A Sensational Robbery.

Seated in a comfortable rocking chair on the terrace of his villa, Comte d'Armin-Vicosa, the morning after his departure from Paris, was watching, between sips of his cigarette, the sunbeams reflected in the blue waves of the sea, whose little white teeth were gnawing the sand of the beach.

He was reflecting. Does not fortune most frequently escape us just at the moment we think we have it in our grasp, and is it not the very sight of ill-luck, minus a scheme so well prepared just at the very instant success seems ours?

But who was this man who had come to his house in the place of the one whose room to Mrs. Tankery and what fatality had so suddenly placed this stranger on his track?

Was it not singular that, occupying the next room to Mrs. Tankery in the family boarding-house at Passy, he should have given details of her murder so exact that it seemed impossible he should not have witnessed it?

Was it not incomprehensible that he should know concerning himself as well as Nam, particulars whose secret he was sure of being the sole possessor, precisely as if he were ignorant of no fact in their past life?

Finally, was it not extraordinary, when the police themselves had not thought of associating the murder of the American lady with that of Baron Plucke-Strohe, he should have divined that their authors were the same and that, as if he had been an accomplice of the ingenious swindle invented by the Hindoo, he should have doubted the existence of the Maharajah's jewels, which, until now, had not been done by anyone?

To ask all these questions was not to answer them.

The important point, for the moment, was that, with this man's disappearance, all danger was averted. His hat and overcoat with the note slipped into his pocket, found on the bank of the Seine, would prevent any other conjecture than that of suicide and, in a few days, someone would draw from the river the body which Nam would throw there after having taken it from its steel prison.

But before hurling himself so imprudently into the jaws of the wolf from which he was never to come forth alive, had he told Baron Plucke of his conjectures? Had he put him on his guard against his borrower? Had he even merely urged him to be distrustful and cautious?

And, ignorant of what might happen, thinking of the sword of Damocles suspended over his head, the comte, excellent gambler as he might be, did not feel wholly reassured.

Suddenly a voice behind him roused him from his reverie.

"Of what is M. le Comte thinking?"

Turning, he saw Nam looking at him with an ironical expression. As the comte made no reply, he went on calmly:

"Certainly, at this season, it is pleasant here, that is, in Paris. There's nothing better to cleanse the lungs than this salt air from the sea. But," he added, "you are not of the same opinion. You seem to be little vexed this morning."

The comte, with a nervous gesture, flung his cigarette away.

"You see, Nam," he murmured, "I am thinking of the famous saying of a queen of France—"

"Which one? Could it be this: 'Here I am, here I will stay.' Upon my word, with this brilliant sun and this magnificent sea, she would be decidedly sensible."

"No, you do not know our history—the sentence to which I alluded is: 'I'll ripped, my son, the point now is to see it again!'"

"Which means?"

"That to have shut this young man up in this steel prison, to have destroyed forever with him the secrets which he ought to have possessed is very well; but we must now think of the future."

"And then?"

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW)